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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

SIXTEEN

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The BOYS™

SIXTEEN

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most dangerous force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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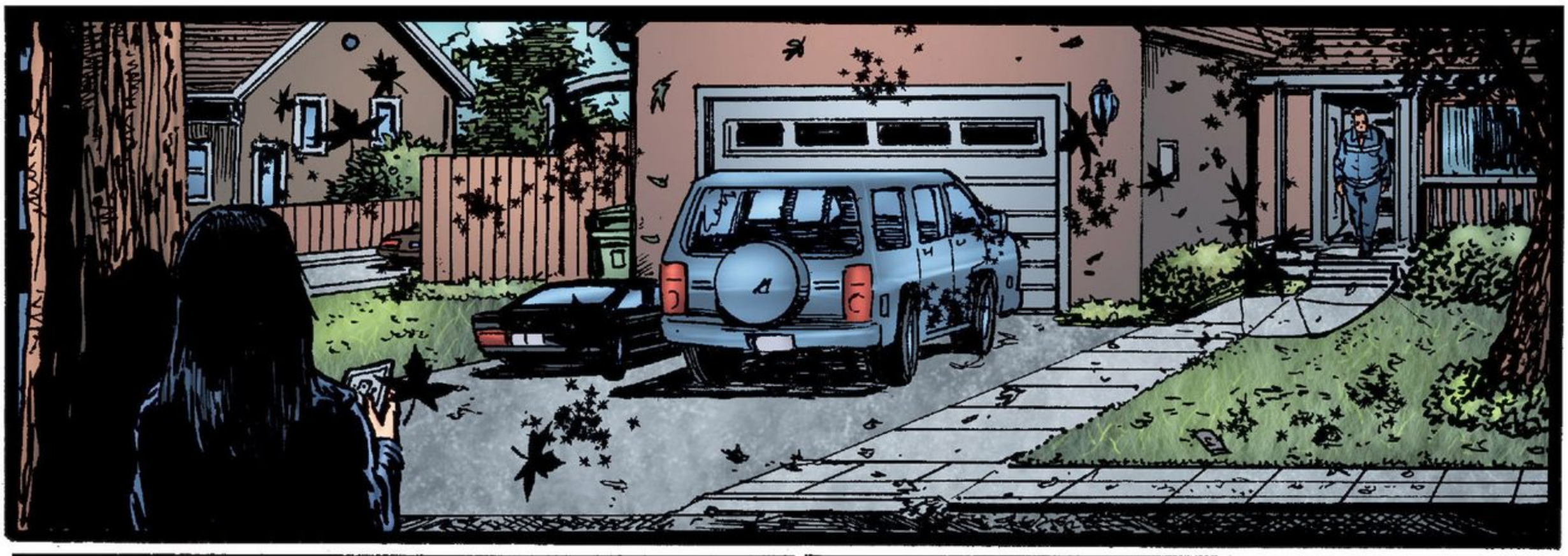
Printed in Canada.

GOOD FOR THE SOUL

part two



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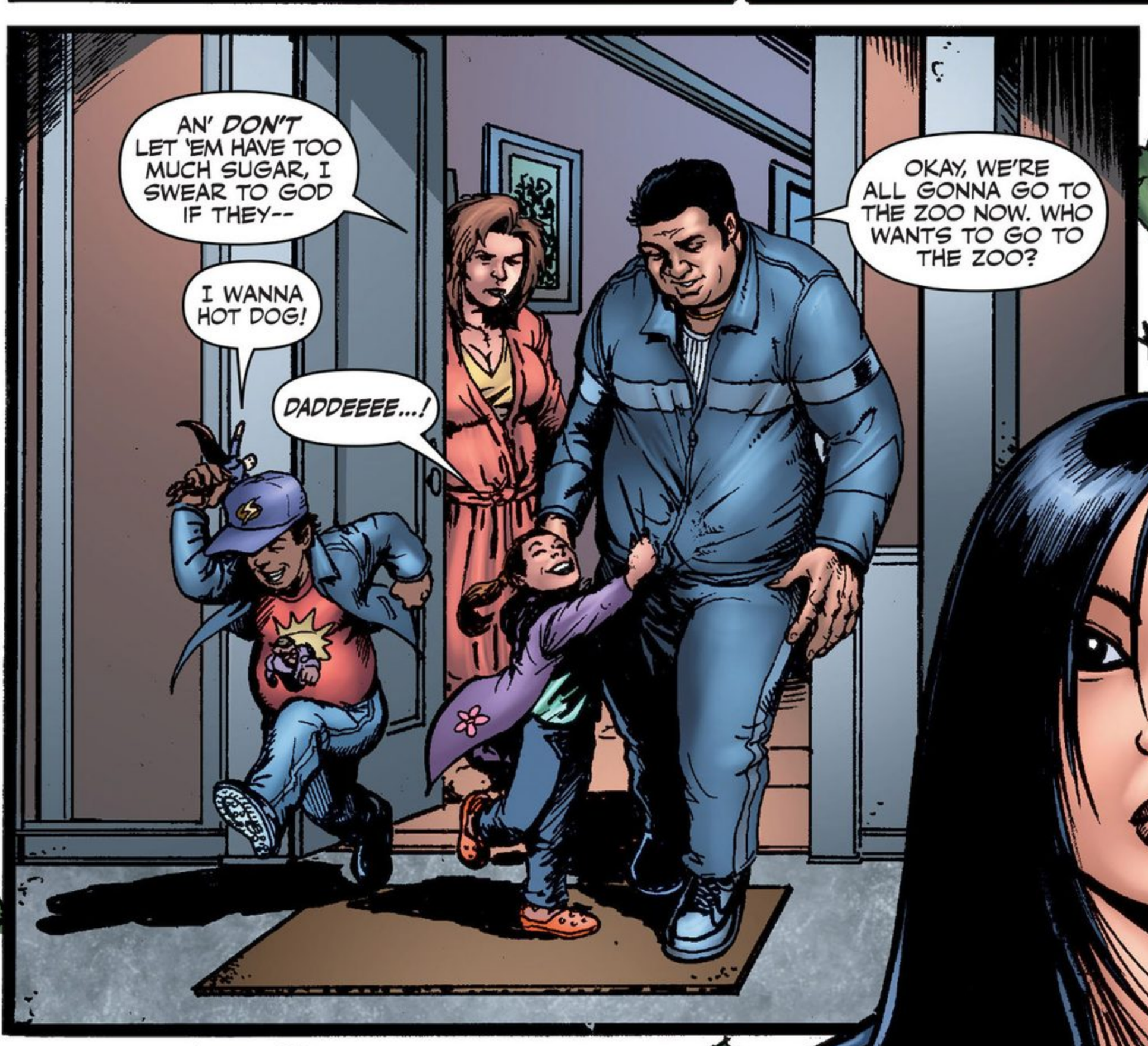

AN' DON'T LET 'EM HAVE TOO MUCH SUGAR, I SWEAR TO GOD IF THEY--
I WANNA HOT DOG!
DADDEEEE...!
OKAY, WE'RE ALL GONNA GO TO THE ZOO NOW. WHO WANTS TO GO TO THE ZOO?

YOU STILL COME HERE?

AYE, WHEN I'M HAPPY. I STILL REALLY LIKE IT.

WHAT ABOUT YOU?

IT'S SOMEWHERE I WAS HAPPY.

SO I SUPPOSE I COME TO REMIND MYSELF.

AW, C'MON, HEN...!

YOU'RE NO' SERIOUSLY TRYNNA TELL ME YOU'VE BEEN MISERABLE FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS, ARE YOU? C'MON NOW!

HEN?

OH, IT MEANS GIRL. OR WOMAN.

Y'KNOW, I SUPPOSE IT *MIGHT* JUST POSSIBLY QUALIFY AS BEIN' A WEE BIT SEXIST...

HEN...!

IS IT LIKE BROAD, OR DAME?

IT'S MORE LIKE LOVE, OR PET.

I MEAN NOT LIKE, YOU KNOW, I MEAN-- JUST FRIENDLY, LIKE...

SO, SO WHAT'S THE MATTER, ANYWAY?

WHAT'S THE MATTER.

WHAT ISN'T THE MATTER.

MY LIFE'S A MESS, MY JOB'S ABOUT A MILLION MILES FROM WHAT I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE, MY... CO-WORKERS PRETTY MUCH DESPISE ME AND MY FAITH'S JUST FALLEN APART. THOUGH I'M WONDERING NOW IF IT WAS ALL THAT STRONG TO BEGIN WITH.

OH, YOU'RE A CHRISTIAN OR WHATEVER, ARE YOU?

I SUPPOSE SO.

DO YOU REMEMBER I SAID I HAD TO DO SOME THINGS TO GET THE JOB I WANTED?

AYE, YOU SAID YOU WEREN'T TOO WILD ABOUT IT...

ASHAMED WOULD BE A BETTER WORD.

I USED TO GO AROUND BEING REALLY POSITIVE ALL THE TIME. I'M SURE PEOPLE THOUGHT I WAS A COMPLETE IDIOT, BUT IT JUST CAME NATURALLY TO ME.

I THOUGHT...

I THOUGHT IT WAS THE WAY GOD WOULD WANT ME TO BE.

I'VE HAD A PRETTY EASY LIFE, HUGHIE. AND I GAVE THANKS TO GOD FOR IT.

AND WHEN BAD STUFF CAME ALONG, I THOUGHT GOD WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT, TOO.

I TOLD MYSELF...ONE OF THE THINGS I TOLD MYSELF...WAS THAT HE WANTED ME TO DO IT. LIKE A TEST.

LIFE WAS TOUGHER IN THE BIG LEAGUES, OR THE BIG CITY, AND JUST BECAUSE I WAS *UP* ALL THE TIME DIDN'T MEAN I WAS NAÏVE ABOUT WHAT GOES ON IN THE WORLD. SO I WENT AHEAD AND DID IT.

AND LATER ON, WHEN IT ALL WENT SOUR, I STARTED *BLAMING* GOD FOR WHAT HAD HAPPENED...

THESE ARE THE KIND OF THINGS I TOLD MYSELF. BUT IT WAS REALLY JUST MY OWN AMBITION.

IT WAS ME, IT WAS ME, IT WAS ME.

HMH.

WELL.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS THING WAS YOU DID, ANNIE. IT'S NONE O' MY BUSINESS, ANYWAY.

BUT I'LL TELL YOU THIS: THE LAST THREE WOMEN BUT ONE I KNEW, THEY BLAMED THEIR PROBLEMS ON EVERYONE *EXCEPT* THEMSELVES.

WAS THE ONE NICE?

SHE WAS *LOVELY.*

I'M SORRY FOR UNLOADING ON YOU LIKE THAT. I GUESS IT ALL CAME OUT IN A BIT OF A RUSH.

IT'S ALL RIGHT.

ANNIE?

WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME OUT FOR A DRINK WI' ME TONIGHT?

I MEAN I'VE GOTTA GO BACK TO WORK NOW, BUT I'D BE FREE ABOUT SEVEN OR EIGHT IF--

I'D REALLY LIKE THAT.

FUCKSAKE, HUGHIE.

CARPE BLOODY DIEM, BOY.

OU EST LA FEMME?

M.M., LISTEN, I WANTED TO ASK YOU--

AW, WHERE'S THE FUCKIN' REMOTE...?

I DUNNO, I AIN'T SEEN HER ALL--

YOU KNOW THE BUGS WE PUT IN TEENAGE KIX'S PLACE? DID THEY FIND THEM ALL?

UH, MOST LIKELY THEY DID, I CAN'T SAY FOR SURE. TRY TAKIN' THE VAN UP THERE AN'-- *COASTER...!*

OH, SORRY, MATE...

MAIS ELLE EST ALWAYS HERE, THERE IS NOWHERE ELSE FOR HER TO GO...

THE VAN? WILL THEY NO' REMEMBER IT FROM LAST TIME?

SO RENT A DIFFERENT ONE AN' MOVE THE SHIT OVER. FRENCHIE, AIN'T NONE OF US KNOWS WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN THAT HEADA HERS...

WILL IT STILL WORK, AYE?

WHY THE FUCK WOULDN'T IT? JUST PARK ACROSS THE STREET AN' SEE WHAT YOU CAN TUNE IN.

HOW COME *I'M* S'POSED TO KNOW ALL THE GODDAMN ANSWERS 'ROUND HERE...?

MERDE.

I FOUND THE REMOTE BY MESELF, IF THAT'S ANY GOOD TO YOU.

ON THE RIGHT, HUGHIE.

EH?

REMEMBER TO DRIVE ON THE RIGHT.

OH AYE...!

Y'ALL'RE LIKE MUTHAFUCKIN' CHILDREN.

SWEAR TO GOD.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON FROLICS, THEN.

...SILLY LITTLE BITCH?

DUNNO.

IT'S NOT LIKE WE ACTUALLY NEED HER.

THAT'S NOT THE POINT. NOBODY MISSES THESE THINGS.

NOBODY.

BUT WE'LL JUST HAVE TO START WITHOUT HER:

CAM 2

FIRSTLY, AND MOST IMPORTANTLY, IS TOMORROW'S VICE-PRESIDENTIAL VISIT.

THERE'S GOING TO BE A LOT OF PRESS WITH US, SO WATCH YOUR SMILES. EITHER WARM OR WISE, SO IF YOU AREN'T NODDING YOU SHOULD GO FOR SENTIMENTAL.

ZOOM

WE KNOW THE ROUTINE...

I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT, BECAUSE THIS WILL BE NO ORDINARY VISIT.

SO WHERE'S THE DUDE FROM MOSCOW...?

HERE.

AND VIC'S SPEECH WILL BE ANYTHING BUT ROUTINE.

UH-HUH.

BECAUSE a), HE'S GOING TO BE RE-OPENING THE QUESTION OF SUPERPOWER IN NATIONAL DEFENSE, AND b), HE HASN'T CLEARED THE SPEECH WITH DAKOTA BOB'S OFFICE.

JESUS CHRIST--!

THAT'S...THAT'S KIND OF UPPING THE ANTE, ISN'T IT? I MEAN DOING IT FROM **HERE**, ESPECIALLY...

WHICH IS WHY NOBODY--**NOBODY**--IS TO MENTION IT OUTSIDE OF THIS ROOM. SECURITY ON THIS IS **TOTAL**.

I TRUST THAT'S COMPLETELY CLEAR?

POPCORN?

DON'T MIND IF I FUCKIN' DO.

SHITE!

AW FUCK, M.M.'S GONNA BE RAGIN' ABOUT THAT...!

NO...

NO... NO...NO...

THE BASTARDS, THEY'VE PULLED OUT EVERY BLOODY ONE--

A PUBLIC APPEARANCE, ARE YOU SERIOUS? LIKE THAT?

AW, YOU WEE STOATER.

LOOK, WE NEED SOMEONE, I MEAN SHOUT-OUT CAN'T COME BACK FOR ANOTHER COUPLE OF MONTHS YET...

DO WE WANT HIM TO COME BACK AT ALL?

YEAH, I WAS WONDERING ABOUT THAT. I MEAN EITHER HE'S FULLY OUT, WHICH MEANS WE CAN SAY GOODBYE TO MIDDLE AMERICA, OR HE ANNOUNCES HIS GAYNESS IS CURED--AT WHICH POINT WE CAN PACK UP AND LEAVE TOWN, BECAUSE WE'LL NEVER HEAR THE FUCKING END OF IT...

RIGHT, SO THE POINT IS, IF WE'RE LOOKING FOR SOME KIND OF BOOST IT'S NOT GOING TO COME FROM SHOUT-OUT. SO--

SO IT SHOULD BE FUCKING **BLARNEY COCK?** LOOK AT HIM! **LOOK!**

WAMAHAMMA...

JESUS WEPT.

OKAY, OKAY, SO IT'S NOT IDEAL--

"HERE'S OUR FALLEN COMRADE BACK FROM THE GREAT BEYOND--INSERT SOME BULLSHIT ABOUT BATTLING **WRAITHS** FOR HIS LIFE-FORCE--AND READY TO TAKE HIS PLACE IN TEENAGE KIX ONCE AGAIN. PISSING HIMSELF? OH NO, NO, THAT'S JUST ECTOPLASM FROM HIS RECENTLY RE-ASSIMILATED SOUL..."

WAMAHAMMA...

HEY! HEY!

WAMAHAMMA...

GET AWAY FROM THERE, YOU STUPID FUCK!

WELL, I WAS ACTUALLY GOING TO GO WITH THE KARMIC WHEEL THING, YOU KNOW, EXCEPT HE SOMEHOW ENDS UP BACK IN HIS OWN BODY...

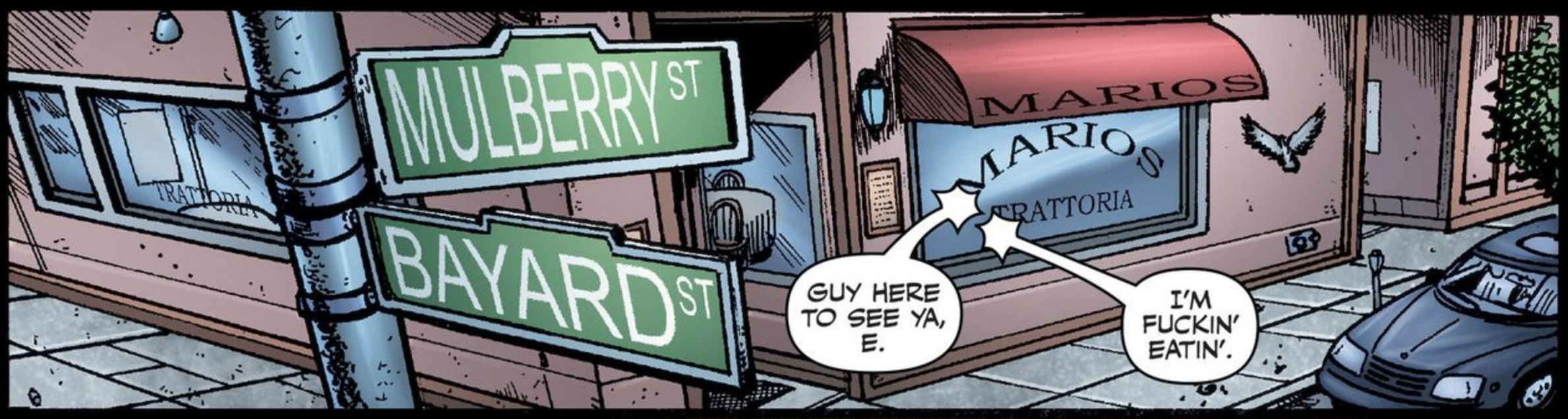
INSTEAD OF SOME KIND OF SHIT-EATING COCKROACH, YOU MEAN?

OR ONE OF THOSE TROPICAL FISH THAT SWIMS UP YOUR-- **JESUS CHRIST, GET HIM AWAY FROM THE WINDOW!**

AW, **NO...!**

WHAT THE FUCK IS HE DOING, IS HE--

SNIFFING?


MULBERRY ST
BAYARD ST
TRATTORIA
MARIOS
MARIOS
TRATTORIA
GUY HERE TO SEE YA, E.
I'M FUCKIN' EATIN'.

YEAH, THE THING IS...IT'S ABOUT *HER*...
YEAH.
YA MEAN--

BONJOUR, M'SIEUR.

WHAT CAN I DO FOR YA?
I WOULD LIKE YOU TO TELL ME WHERE YOU HAVE SENT MY FRIEND, THE FEMALE.
AND I WOULD LIKE YOU TO SWEAR THAT YOU WILL NEVER CONTACT HER AGAIN.

GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE.
I MUST ASK YOU TO RECONSIDER, M'SIEUR...

I KNOW YOU ARE LE PATRON, OUI? LE GRAND FROMAGE. YOU ARE THE KING OF, HOW YOU SAY, *LITTLE WOPOLI?*

NO IT AIN'T HOW WE *FUCKIN' SAY!* THROW THIS FUCKIN' COCKSUCKER OUTTA HERE! *NOW!*

VOUS ETES *LE CAPITAINE,* N'EST'CE PAS?

AND THEY ARE YOUR SOLDIERS.

YOU LIKE TO SPEAK AS IF YOU ARE AT WAR. BUT I WONDER IF YOU HAVE EVER TRULY SEEN ONE.

LA GUERRE.

STRANGE THAT IT SHOULD BE FEMININE, DO YOU NOT THINK?

OLD TOWN BAR RESTAURANT

ALL RIGHT, HOW'S IT GOIN'? OH, DOUBLE VODKA, PLEASE, NEAT.

ARE YOU OKAY?

JINGS. *UH*, SIERRA NEVADA, PLEASE.

NO, NO, I'M FINE. I JUST, *UH*...I HEARD THIS GUY I USED TO KNOW WAS BACK IN TOWN, AN' I, I NEEDED TO SEE HIM WI' MY OWN EYES. BIT OF A SURPRISE, LIKE, YOU KNOW?

IS HE A FRIEND?

NO, HE'S... SOMEONE I'M MEANT TO BE SORTA LOOKIN' AFTER. I'M JUST TRYNNA WORK OUT THE BEST WAY TO DO IT.

YEAH? I LIKE THIS BAR, BY THE WAY. IT'S GOT A REALLY CLASSIC LOOK, ALL THE MIRRORS AND THE OLD WOOD...

IT'S NICE, ISN'T IT? IT'S HANDY FOR WHERE I WORK, TOO.

WHERE'S THAT?

THE FLATIRON.

COOL...!

AYE, IT IS. IT'S A WEE BIT OF A DUMP ON THE INSIDE, BUT IT IS AMAZIN'. I MEAN HERE I AM GOIN' TO WORK IN THIS *ICON*, FAMOUS ALL OVER THE WORLD, YOU KNOW?

IT'S LIKE SOMETIMES I'LL JUST BE WALKIN' DOWN THE STREET AN' I'LL SEE THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDIN', OR THE CHRYSLER--AN' I MEAN HALF THE TIME I CAN'T EVEN BELIEVE THEY *EXIST*...

YOU SAID IT WOULD BE THE PLACE THAT WOULD KEEP YOU HERE. WHEN WE MET.

WHAT ABOUT YOU, DO YOU THINK YOU'LL STAY HERE?

I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING MUCH TO GO BACK TO. I DON'T HAVE...ANYTHING, REALLY.

I GUESS I SHOULD BE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO KEEP ME HERE.

OH, SAME AGAIN, PLEASE. WHAT'RE YOU--?

I THINK IT'S CHARDONNAY.

I HOPE YOU DO STAY.

OH?

I JUST...I THINK IT'D BE A SHAME FOR SOMEONE TO COME TO NEW YORK AN' IT NOT TO WORK OUT FOR THEM, YOU KNOW? IT'S JUST PURE MAGIC HERE, I HATE THE THOUGHT OF ANYONE HAVIN' TO LEAVE.

...WHEN I WAS WEE I WANTED TO WORK IN A ZOO, 'CAUSE I LIKED ALL THE ANIMALS AN' ALL, BUT WHEN I GOT A BIT OLDER I REALISED I'D HAVE TO SHOVEL AN AWFUL LOT O'--

I LOVE YOUR ACCENT.

I LOVE LISTENING TO YOU TALK.

WELL, THAT'S NICE...WERE YOU HERE FOR A BIT BEFORE I GOT HERE, OR SOMETHIN'?

ONLY A COUPLE OF MINUTES.

HEE--!

ANNIE--

YOU *DO DRINK,* DON'T YOU?

NO!

NO, NO, THAT'S THE FUNNY THING, I'VE NEVER EVEN TOUCHED A *DROP* BEFORE...!

...AH-HA.

HEE HEE HA HA HA HA HA HA!

M'SORRY...

YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, LOVE, YOU'RE JUST NOT USED TO IT.

BUT YOU ASKED ME OUT AND EVERYTHING...

YOU'RE ALL RIGHT.

WE'LL DO IT ANOTHER TIME, AYE? WE'LL GO BACK TO THE PARK, OR SOMEWHERE YOU CAN'T GET BEVVIED UP...

YOU ARE SUCH A NICE PERSON...AND I'M JUST...I'M PATHETIC...

COME *ON*, NOW...!

TAXI FARE

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COME HOME WITH ME.

I WANT YOU.

I WANT--

I KNOW WHAT YOU THINK YOU WANT.

AN' I'M TELLIN' YOU, YOU DON'T WANNA BE MAKIN' THE DECISION IN THE STATE YOU'RE IN AT THE MOMENT.

GO ON HOME AN' GET SOME SLEEP. SEE HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT IT IN THE MORNIN'.

YOU ARE *SO* NICE...!

LISTEN, LOVE, IF I EVER TAKE ADVANTAGE O' YOU IT'LL BE BECAUSE YOU'RE DRUNK OR EMOTIONALLY VULNERABLE: BUT NO' BOTH, ALL RIGHT?

GOODNIGHT, HUGHIE--!

GOODNIGHT, ANNIE.

SLEEP WELL.

THAT WAS THE RIGHT THING TO DO.

AN' I AM NOT AN ARSEHOLE.

NEW YORK 3S586

I'M NOT AN ARSEHOLE.

I'M DEFINITELY *NOT* AN ARSEHOLE...

I TOLD YA, I DON'T KNOW. I GOT A LOT TO DO, I GOT PEOPLE I GOTTA--

OH, I KNOW YOU GOT PEOPLE! THAT BITCH IN QUEENS, FOR--

JESUS CHRIST, WILL YOU GET OFF MY BACK! I GOT ***WORK*** TO DO! I'LL GET HOME WHEN I GET FUCKIN' HOME!

FINE!!

I GO TO THE STORE ON HUDSON, WHERE M'SIEUR CHARCUTER GOES TO BUY HIS TEABAGS. HOW DOES HE SAY? THE ***BRIT SHOP.***

I BUY THE GOOD ENGLISH CANDY. NOT SHITTY AMERICAN CHEMICAL THINGS.

CHOCOLATE LIMES.

I KNOW IT IS NOT FOR THE MONEY.

I KNOW IT IS BECAUSE YOU CANNOT...

NOT.

YOU THINK THIS WAY IS NOT SO BAD, BECAUSE ONLY BAD MEN SUFFER. BUT IT IS NOT SO SIMPLE.

IT KEEPS A TERRIBLE THING ALIVE.

AND M'SIEUR CHARCUTER WILL BE ANNOYED, BECAUSE HE DOES NOT LIKE DISTRACTIONS.

AND IT IS BAD FOR YOU, TO DO IT FOR NO REASON.

FOR YOUR HEART.

YOU CAN CATCH HIM. HE IS NOT QUITE GONE.

OR...

WELL.

CHAUX DE CHOCOLAT?

BON.

AND NOW WE RIDE THE SUBWAY HOME, AND GO TO BATTERY PARK TO WATCH THE STARS COME OUT.

AW, WHY AM I SUCH A FUCKIN' ARSEHOOLLE...?

next: MOTHER'S MILK'S MOTHER'S MILK